Delicate Finery

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Delicate Finery

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will and Hannibal are on the run and getting to know each other intimately... there's just one thing Hannibal has yet to share with Will, and he's just worked himself up for the big reveal...

Based on this art
The art got eaten by Tumblr but I managed to find a copy and have pasted it below into the fic.

Notes

As a thank you to Zentas for the lovely art they drew for my It's Not A Secret fic, I wrote this little ficlet based on their art and from the prompt: My lingerie drawing is not really feminine, it's more.. elegant? It's just the fact that Hanni doesn't give a fuck on what society thinks what's manly, what's unmanly, so if he wants to wear lingerie, he does it and still looks like the hell of a man he is. I thought about something like after the fall, murder husbands, Will and Hanni finally get to know each other better and then, one evening, Hanni stands like this in the door frame and Will is completely overwhelmed

The plan had been Japan.

But a near miss had resulted in a change of those plans and so then Cuba for a short while. And then the ‘long way round’ as Will had called it. Hannibal had been pleased to see the man could still blush when he’d replied that perhaps Will could think of it as their honeymoon.

Of course, that had been before anything more than a fleeting embrace on the top of the bluff, and a reassuringly longer one when they had washed up on the beach. Now, things were different. Clinical assistance in the cleaning of wounds had changed slowly over weeks of recovery into gentle caresses. And then one night, three months after leaving Cuba for North Africa, Will had kissed him. It had taken them both by surprise.

Things had become domestic, comfortable. With his secreted funds they were able to afford a modest hotel with a modest suite - two bedrooms and a shared living space. Will had risen to go to bed, placed his book on the table and then leaned down and kissed him - a quick peck on the lips and a “goodnight love.” Will was halfway to his room before he even registered what he’d just done.

Talking about it had been arduous. Excuses. And then reasons. And then, finally, after many anxious hours of doubt and concern, Will had kissed him again. This time Hannibal had kissed him back.

Since then there had been romance, though again of the domestic sort, as though they had skipped the initial flutterings - which of course they hadn’t. Many complicated years prior bore witness to that. There had been physical love. Tentative at first. But by the time they crossed into the Middle East it was easy and comfortable. It was love making and it made Hannibal’s heart race each time.

His heart was racing now, but for different reasons. It had been months since their intimacy had become all encompassing and yet he was still holding back and Will knew it. He could tell Will was even a little nervous about it. Hannibal didn’t want to give him any reason to doubt what was between them, and yet it had taken so long to work up to this.

Earlier in the evening, when the breeze had started to cool and the delicate fabric of the curtains fluttered as they sat on the balcony with dinner, he had told Will he wished to explore something that evening. Will had cocked a brow and looked charmingly something between aroused and terrified. As he had the few other times Hannibal had similarly laid the groundwork before trying a new sex act or position.

Now he wondered if he had really prepared him enough. But it was too late to turn back, he needed to do this and so he resolved to continue as he had planned, even if the confidence had to be faked a little. Something he had never needed to do before meeting the only living person who made him feel vulnerable.

He tried to draw a little confidence from his ensemble. It wasn’t cheap by any means, but not authentic - made for a Western consumer market. Gold and lace weaved delicately together to

create an elegant, light and heavenly feeling combination. In the bright light of day when he had opened the package it looked almost gaudy. But now, in the dimmed light of their suite, surrounded by delicate finery that spoke of the East, it was breathtaking.

He hoped Will thought so too.

Hannibal took a deep breath and forced himself forward, feeling a little ridiculous for a moment as he struck the pose in the doorway as he had planned but now felt very self conscious about. Will was reading in bed and didn't look up immediately, allowing time for his body to relax into the pose even if his mind did not.

"Will… I. I wanted to tell you about…"

Will looked up then, his book falling from his hands as his jaw swung open. Hannibal swallowed. Too late to turn back.

He moved a hand lightly over his gold adorned crotch and let the enjoyment at that build his confidence. "I wanted to tell you that this is something I enjoy." He moved into the room, walking cat-like, towards the bed.

“Crossdressing?” Will asked and they both seemed to wince over the word at the same time.

“No. I see clothes as yet another thing society has gendered. If anything I like to wear underwear that accentuates the maleness of my form. I like the way it looks, the way it feels, the way it makes *me* feel. I would understand if this is something you need time to process. I… I wanted to be myself. And that includes wanting to feel sexy and be intimate dressed like this…”

Will’s eyes were wide but his mouth had closed and he looked a little dazed. He looked completely overwhelmed and Hannibal was unsure how to proceed. But then a smile grew and he looked Hannibal up and down as he ran his tongue out over his lips before finally answering -

“Hannibal. I have had sex with exactly three people in the last decade, one of them is you and one was a lesbian. I think my ideas on queerness might not be as backwards as you assume?” Will pushed the book aside and started to crawl towards the end of the bed - stalking. “I don't give a fuck what society thinks is manly or unmanly. If you want to wear lingerie, I want you to do that, because all I care about is you being happy. Besides you still look like the hell of a man that you are in this...”

Will reached out from the end of the bed and took hold of Hannibal’s hips, pulling him forward, letting his fingers run over the mixture of lace and gold.

“It isn’t something I’d ever thought about… but… Damn. Hannibal you really know how to dress.”

Hannibal smiled as Will pulled him further forward and sighed as lips and tongue met the flesh of his bare torso.

“Why Will, I believe this is actually the first time you’ve ever complimented my sense of style.”

Will chuckled against his skin and snaked his hand between Hannibal’s legs, making any further conversation on that or any other subject, impossible.

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